# THE CLUB WOMAN AS A HOMEKEEPER

THE COLLECTION UNDER THE RUG

THE TYPICAL CLUBWOMAN'S MAID

THE MAID ONE SOMETIMES SEES

BY BEATRICE SHERIDAN.
WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

"I am glad I am not a clubwoman's husband," said the man, as he cut the end off his cigar, preparatory to making himself, as usual, a smoking furnace.

"Why?" I queried. "Because you are afraid you might come under the henpecked heading?"

"No, not at all," he replied, indignantly, "but because we have trouble enough with our servants now, and if Mrs. Smith belonged to clubs we might as well shut up house, matters would be so much worse."

"I think you are wrong there. Some housekeepers will have trouble with servants, clubwoman or not."

Then, realizing what a mistake I had made, I attempted to smooth matters over by adding:

"It is not always the mistress's fault, for, you know, servants will always take advantage of a mistress who shows any disposition to be kind to them."

"Well, you may put it any way you please, but all the same I am glad my wife is not a clubwoman."

---

These remarks set me thinking, and I began to wonder if there was any truth in them.

I decided to investigate and ascertain just what kind of homes clubwomen did have and whether they had more trouble with their servants than the ordinary, everyday woman.

The first woman upon whom I called was prominent in one of the many patriotic clubs, which really look upon themselves as being a little bit better than the usual literary, political or reform club.

This woman lives in a pretty house. That she was a clubwoman needed no telling. Club ribbons, sets of resolutions, flags, portraits of the mistress of the house decked out in all her medals, hung on the wall, stood on mantel and tables. There were two gilt tables with glass cabinet tops filled with ribbons and pins and decorations of all kinds.

The house was well and tastefully furnished, but the club idea predominated. It was the first thing that greeted you upon entering; it was the impression you took away when you left.

I had already been there several times, and I noticed as the door opened that the maid was the same pleasant-faced, soft-voiced colored girl I had seen before. She wore her plain black gown, large white apron, neat white collar and cuffs and jaunty little cap. She looked happy and contented, and held out the small silver tray for my card in as perfect a manner as though her mistress were no clubwoman.

Upstairs in madam's sanctum it was the same. Club emblems were everywhere in evidence. Notwithstanding all this, this home bore the stamp of a good housekeeper. I incidentally turned the conversation to cooks during my visit, and learned that my hostess always brought hers from the South.

"A real Southern mammy," she explained, "is the only kind of cook to have in your kitchen. They are honest, respectful and faithful, and that is more than you can say of Northern servants."

I stored this piece of advice away in my memory, intending to impart it to my friend who was so glad he was not a clubwoman's husband.

---

Then I called on a woman with whom I am friendly. There I met the maid she has had ever since I have been visiting her. Here I found no evidence of clubdom. Club life was conspicuous by the absence of its reminders.

This woman belongs to dozens of clubs and philanthropic movements, and yet she is one of the best housekeepers I know. Her home is the perfection of neatness. You can never go there, no matter at which hour of the day or night, and find the slightest disorder. She has everything reduced to a system, and she says it is all due to her training in parliamentary procedure.

Her table is beautifully served. It is a treat to be asked to luncheon or dinner by this all-round clubwoman. She can make most delicious cake and salads, and the best cup of tea I have had for a long time.

I asked her how she had managed to keep her maid so long. She replied:

"By not expecting perfection in human nature. By closing my eyes to many things, insisting upon important things being done well, and by being kind and treating the girl as though she were a human being like myself."

This was point number two for the man who was so glad he was not a clubwoman's husband.

---

Then, I thought I would go and call on the club woman, the mother of the jam besmeared child I had visited previously. I thought, here was a specimen of the clubwoman who might fit the man's objection to his wife joining clubs.

After pushing the electric button two or three times the door was finally opened by the same neglected looking youngster. She was not one whit tidier or cleaner than at my previous visit.

"No; mamma ain't home. She's looking for a girl. Maria went away three or four days ago and we ain't had any since. Mamma is so busy with the clubs that she can't do cooking, and"——

Just then the odor of gas, which I had noticed when the door was opened, grew stronger, and I said to the little one:

"My dear, where is that gas escaping?"

"Oh, my! I was going to light the stove and turned the gas on. But you rang the bell and I forgot to turn it off."

It was no business of mine. I will confess, but I pushed past the child and hurried to the kitchen, to find the place filled with gas. Every burner in the range was turned on full. I flung the window up, which, fortunately, gave in the open air, and then turned off the gas.

Then I looked around. "That was impertinence!" I hear some of my readers exclaim. Yes. I know it was, but I was "investigating." The place was in the greatest disorder. The table was littered with dirty dishes.

The table in the dining-room was covered with a table cloth which might have been white once, and there were more dirty dishes and the remnants of a meal.

Then I became faint and frightened when I realized what might have been the consequences had that child struck a match in the kitchen.

The mother came in as I stood there, undecided whether to leave the little girl alone. I apologized for my intrusion and explained the circumstances of the escaping gas.

"She is so careless. I am nearly crazy, I have so much to do. Maria must take umbrage at something I said, and leave me without a moment's notice. I have such an important paper to write on 'Suppression of Vice' and I cannot get a servant."

I left, filled with wonder at the woman whose mind was so filled with the "Suppression of Vice" that she could not realize how near death her own child had been.

I determined not to mention this case to the anti-woman's clubman.

---

Then I bethought me of a woman who has been prominent in New York club life, and went to call on her. She has a suite of apartments in one of the fashionable family hotels.

She has been abroad several times, and her collection of curios from different lands is handsome. She received me in the library. The room was charming. A bright coal fire burned in the grate, and a feeling of comfort crept over me as I sat in front of it.

She told me about her home duties. She rose at 7 every morning. Breakfast was over at a quarter past 8. Then she sat down to her correspondence.

At half past 10 she started out to some morning club meetings. At 1 o'clock she was home for luncheon with her husband. Until 2 was his hour. Then she was free for a round of visits and clubs. The evenings were devoted to her husband.

Her home and home life are apparently delightful. I put her down as a case to quote.

---

Then I remembered a little woman who aches for notoriety. I once received a letter from her, defending club women as wives and housekeepers, and telling me she had a house of twenty-one rooms, and would be delighted to take any one from garret to cellar to demonstrate that a club woman could be a good housekeeper.

So to her house I went. While I was waiting for her I took a look around. There were two bicycles in the hall. The hatrack was filled with golf capes and soft hats. A lounge in the square reception hall was littered with newspapers and pillows.

The hardwood floor of the drawing-room was covered with skins. That of a great white bear had been kicked a little to one side and revealed the outlines of the animal in dust. She had not trained the maid to run the cloth under the skin a little way on days when it was not convenient to give the floor a thorough cleaning.

She came down to see me in a not over dainty kimona and her hair in ribbons. The ribbons were pale blue and were not unbecoming.

I adroitly turned the conversation after a while to housekeeping and servants.

"I have considerable trouble with my servants," she said. "I am so very particular that I am hard to please. I will not keep a girl if she is the least bit slack, and the consequence is I am constantly changing."

I thought of the hatrack, the bicycles and dust, but kept my thoughts to myself. I have not made up my mind whether I shall tell my friend about this incident or not. I am afraid he might crow over me.

---

I know a woman who is not only a club woman, but a writer. She has the prettiest, coziest, most homelike apartment I have ever been in. It is a corner suite, and is flooded with sunshine all day.

Now, every one knows that sunshine is a bad stepmother. It shows up every speck of dust and dirt. This woman's apartment bears the searchlight of the bright sunshine unflinchingly.

Her husband is also a writer. His den is at one end of the hall, hers at the other end. His den is filled with pipes and golf clubs and guns and rods. Sporting pictures vie with those of members of the theatrical profession in places of prominence on the walls.

Her room is dainty. Black and white prints line the walls, and there are cushions galore.

She tells me she has had the same two servants ever since she started housekeeping, and I believe her. She is a large woman, with a cheery, smiling face, and she diffuses much sunshine by her personality.

---

Thus ended my quest of examples for my friend, who was so glad he was not a club woman's husband.

# GIANT AERIAL GLOBE, Rising 555 Feet in the Air, PLANNED FOR A WORLD'S FAIR FEATURE.

**It Is Estimated That Its Weight Would Be Forty Million Pounds, and Its Cost $1,300,000—Working Plans Being Drawn, and Company Formed for Its Erection.**

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

One of the features of the great Fair in St. Louis, which shall celebrate the centennial of the Louisiana Purchase may be a giant steel globe, mounted upon a structural iron pedestal, and rising to a height of 555 feet. Samuel M. Friede is the inventor of the novelty, and has formed a company which hopes to succeed in making the Friede aerial globe the "Ferris wheel" of the biggest Fair in the history of the world.

Mr. Albert Borden, structural and mechanical engineer, is drawing the working plans; which will be completed within the next six or eight weeks.

Mr. Friede, the designer, has spent over eighteen months perfecting the details. He began to work on his idea directly after the Historical Society proposed a celebration of the Louisiana Purchase. His design has for its main feature an immense aerial circular hall or rotunda, which measures 350 feet in diameter by 1,000 feet in circumference, situated at a height of 325 feet from the ground. This rotunda will be thirty feet high, inclosed entirely with plate glass.

The entire height of the structure will be 555 feet, the height of the Washington Monument, and surmounting the globe will be a series of observation towers fifty-five feet in height and divided into three stories. It is proposed that the top one be used by the United States Weather Bureau Department, with two gigantic searchlights, as an after-dark feature.

Directly in the center of this structure and running from the base to the top of the globe are to be located eight elevators, with a capacity of sixty people to each, and designed to carry passengers to all of the various elevations of the entire structure. The first stop is to be made at a distance of 110 feet from the base, where the visitors will find a covered roof garden and restaurant, 270 feet square. Continuing upward the next stop is to be made in the center of the great globe itself in a rotunda 225 feet from the ground. In this rotunda, 350 feet in diameter and thirty feet high, will be the most novel feature of the structure. Around the circumference of this hall, measuring about 1,000 feet, there will be constructed a movable platform twenty feet in width, containing chairs and tables equipped for light refreshment service, from which the sightseer may leisurely view the entire Exposition grounds.

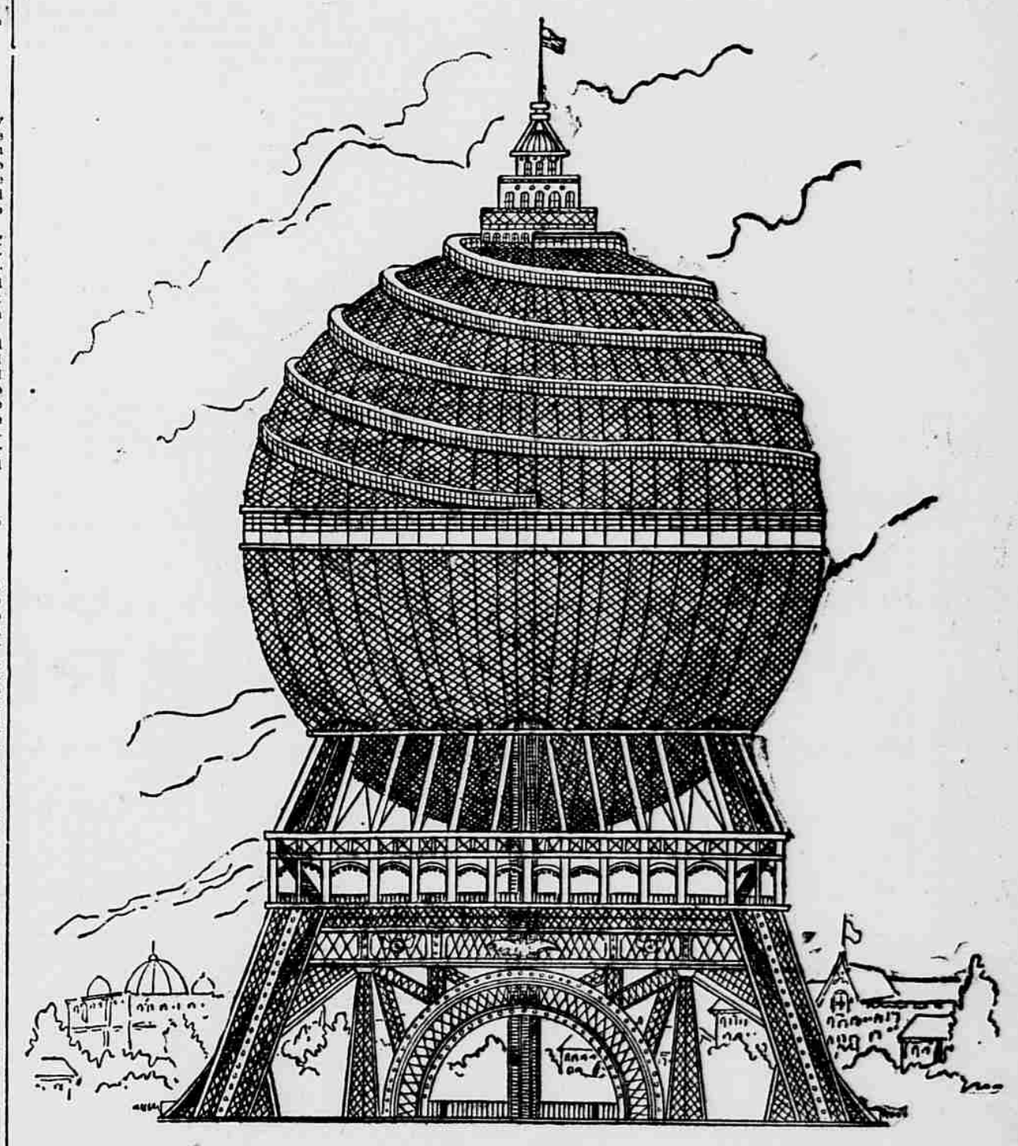
The remainder of the floor space of this rotunda is to be laid out for light exhibitions and amusements.

The plate-glass windows encircling this rotunda will be set in strong barred iron frames extending from floor to ceiling. The upper three or four rows of glass will be of various colors, to enhance the beauty of the structure when gorgeously illuminated from within.

The necessary machinery, dynamos, cold storage plants, water pumps, etc., are to be located in a subrotunda directly beneath the main rotunda, and will be reached by four broad staircases, which also continue upward to a gallery directly over the main hall. At this point and around the entire inside of the dome of the globe will be constructed an iron gallery 20 feet wide and 1,000 feet in circumference, from which the interior structure may be viewed.

Another original feature will consist of two spiral iron glass-covered walks of easy incline and encircling the dome or upper part of the globe. One will lead upward and the other down, with entrance and exit in the gallery and at the top of the globe in the lower or first observatory hall.

Architect Borden estimates that the total weight of the globe and superstructure will be about 40,000,000 pounds, and that it will cost to construct about $1,300,000. The time necessary for construction is from twelve to fourteen months. The capacity of the globe will be, he claims, from 10,000 to 15,000 persons per hour, from three to four times greater than the capacity of the Eiffel Tower.



THE FRIEDE AERIAL GLOBE.

# Kansas Seeks Possession of Its First Capitol Building.

**Interesting Incidents Connected With Its Erection, the Sitting of the Only Legislature That Ever Met Within Its Walls, and the Rise and Fall of the First Capital City.**

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

TOPEKA, Kas., March 7.—The Kansas Legislature has asked the Federal Government to cede to the State a few acres of ground, now included in the Fort Riley military reservation in Central Kansas, and on which stands nothing but an old structure, roofless and crumbling, with a yawning hole near the center of one of the end walls.

It is such a building as only bats would voluntarily inhabit, and yet it is one of the most historic places of the West. It was the first capitol of Kansas, and a scene of the beginning of those struggles which led to the Civil War.

The hole in the wall? There is nothing much to that, except that it remains as a gaping monument to the failure of the United States troops to knock it into a pile of old bricks with a cannon ball.

But the building itself is interesting, and at last the State has decided to make an attempt to preserve it as a bit of the visible history of this great commonwealth.

The old capitol stands close by the Union Pacific Railroad track, about three miles east of Fort Riley Station, yet there is nothing to indicate to travelers between Kansas City and Denver that it has any history, save that it was builded by man and then left by him to fall away.

The building was erected in 1855. Around it where now are only meadows from which the Government cuts its hay, was a prosperous town—Pawnee, first capital of Kansas—which its founders believed would some day be the metropolis of the great West.

During those days the thoughts of the nation were centered upon Kansas. The great death struggle of slavery began with the contest for supremacy in the new territory. Men emigrated from all over the North, but more particularly from Ohio and Massachusetts, to make Kansas a free State; and just as many poured in from the South through the gateway of Missouri, determined to hold it for slavery.

**HOW PAWNEE CAME TO BE FOUNDED.**

The territory was organized in 1854, and A. H. Reeder, an Ohio man, was appointed as its first Governor. Until late in that year it was expected by the proslavery men that the seat of government of the territory would be Shawnee Mission, near the injunction of the Kaw with the Missouri, and not far from the present site of Kansas City. But Governor Reeder deemed Shawnee Mission entirely too close to Missouri for the success of the free State cause, and sought another location for the territorial capital.

In the summer of 1853 the Federal Government established Fort Riley at the junction of the Republican and Smoky Hill rivers, in what is now Central Kansas, to protect the Western frontier. The confluence of these two rivers forms the Kansas, or Kaw. Among the officers were several Free State sympathizers. They conceived the idea of founding a town adjacent to the fort, and making it a Free State settlement. So they laid out the town of Pawnee.

About the same time a party of proslavery men founded, a few miles farther east, a town which they called Ogden, after the first commandant at the fort. A fierce rivalry at once sprang up between the two towns, and each put forth every effort to secure more settlers than the other.

Early in 1855 Governor Reeder proclaimed Pawnee the capital of Kansas, the town company having agreed to erect a suitable Government building. Then the Governor returned to Ohio for a visit.

**WHEN MISSOURIANS CARRIED TWO KANSAS ELECTIONS.**

The election at which the members of the first Legislature were selected was held on March 30, 1855. Both Free State and proslavery forces were determined to carry it.

During the days immediately preceding the election a constant stream of Missourians poured into the territory with the avowed object of voting. On the morning of March 30 1,000 of them rode into Lawrence. They were heavily armed and also brought two small pieces of artillery. They were commanded by Claiborne F. Jackson, afterwards Governor of Missouri.

When the ballots were counted the proslavery candidate had a majority larger than the entire voting population of Lawrence. The same thing happened in every other district in the Territory save one, the extreme western, in which S. D. Houston, a Free State sympathizer who now lives with his daughter, Mrs. L. F. Parsons, east of Saline, was elected.

When Governor Reeder returned several weeks later he called a new election in some of the districts. Again the Missouri pro-slavery men invaded the territory; again there were cast in most precincts twice as many ballots as there were voters residing in the precinct. But Reeder announced the election of the Free States candidates and gave them seats in the Territorial Assembly.

The Legislature was called to meet on July 2 at Pawnee. The only way to reach the place was by wagon or on horseback. Most of the members were compelled to go from fifty to 150 miles.

**CONTESTS FOR SEATS IN THE FIRST LEGISLATURE.**

There were perhaps a dozen buildings on the site of Pawnee when the Legislature convened. One of these was a stone store building. Another was a large, roomy cabin of hewn logs, built by Governor Reeder for his executive mansion. There were also a half dozen log cabins here and there, but the principal building was, of course, the Capitol. It was a two-story structure, built of stone from the neighboring hills, laid with white dirt for mortar, sixty feet long and forty feet wide, and considered a very large edifice. The Council was expected to hold its sessions on the upper floor, while the House of Representatives met below.

One or two log boarding-houses had been built in anticipation of the meeting of the Legislature, but few of the law-makers patronized them. Most of them were accustomed to the open air and had brought tents with them. The townsite speedily became a small city of tents, with a camp fire in front of each, over which a legislator cooked his supper.

The Legislature was convened on July 2 with the pro-slavery men in control of both houses. The President of the Council was the Reverend Thomas Johnson, a Methodist missionary, who founded Shawnee Mission, at the mouth of the Kaw, in 1830, and established a manual training school there for the red man. The missionary's sympathies were with the South, and he was made the leader of the pro-slavery forces in the Legislature. His son, Colonel A. S. Johnson, now one of the owners of the Topeka Capital, was a member of the lower House. Colonel Johnson is credited with being the first white child born in Kansas.

The seats of every one of the Free State members to whom Governor Reeder issued certificates of election were contested save that of Mr. Houston, the member from the extreme western district. On July 4 all of the contestees were disbarred, and proslavery men were seated in their places. As the little band of Free State men moved down the aisle to leave the building one of them turned just before he reached the door and said:

"Gentlemen, you will live to rue this day. The actions which you have committed on this memorable anniversary will kindle the fire of a nation's wrath, and the wrongs you have done here will be avenged in blood."

Two days after this the pro-slavery men adjourned the Legislature over Governor Reeder's protest, to meet two weeks later at Shawnee Mission on the Missouri border. After it had again assembled Mr. Houston, the one Free State member, resigned his seat in order, as he said, that he might have no part in a pro-slavery organization.

**STEAMBOAT BURNED IN A PRAIRIE FIRE.**

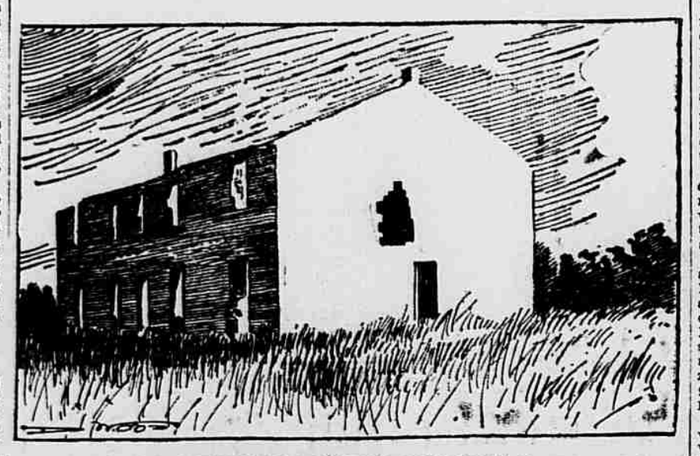
There had been a theory that the Kaw was navigable up to Pawnee, but this was soon exploded. In the summer of 1856 a steamer went up as far as Manhattan, at the mouth of the Blue, but before it got back the Kaw became so shallow that the captain was compelled to tie his boat up some distance above Topeka to wait for a freshet. The water became still lower and left the boat completely stranded.

One night a prairie fire swept over the plains, driven by a high wind from the south. The flames raced across the level meadow lands, down to the water's edge. The steamer could not move, and burned with what cargo it contained. This is probably the only instance of a steamer burning in a prairie fire.

After the Legislature had adjourned at Pawnee a systematic effort was put forth by the pro-slavery men to destroy the town. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, ordered a new survey of the Fort Riley military reserve to be made, and the boundaries extended further to the east. This brought the townsite on Government land, and nothing but military buildings were allowed on the reserve. The settlers were ordered to tear down their houses and leave at once.

It was late in the fall, and as no new houses could be built before winter set in, two or three of the families refused to obey the order. Just as cold weather came on a party of soldiers came from the fort and unroofed the houses, and the families in them were compelled to go without shelter for weeks in the dead of winter.

The War Department then ordered all buildings not connected with the fort to be razed to the ground. A cannon was planted on a hill overlooking the town and trained on the Capitol. One shot crashed through the end of the structure, but for some reason no more were fired, and the old building still stands to mark the location of the first capital of Kansas.



THE FIRST CAPITOL OF KANSAS.
The hole in the end of the wall was made by a cannon ball in 1855.

## THE ELOQUENT EPITAPH.

OUR worthy forefathers were fond of rhetoric—particularly of funereal rhetoric—and were not always quick to perceive the dividing line between the sublime and the ridiculous. They seem, moreover, to have regarded the extraordinary as contributing an added and kindred element to the impressive. Many of their epitaphs show this, but few more completely than that of an estimable matron, who perished untimely in Newburyport more than a century ago.

Her tombstone on the crest of the burying hill is yet easily legible, with no more trouble than scraping a bit of lichen here and there, and kneeling to push away the long grass and intruding daisies. Thus it reads:

"Sacred to the Memory of
Mrs. Mary McHard

The virtuous and estimable Consort of Captain William McHard of Newbury Port, who midst the laudable exertions of a very useful and desirable Life, in which her Christian Profession was well adorned, and a fair copy of every social virtue displayed, was, in a state of health, Suddenly Summoned to the Skies & snatched from ye eager embraces of her friends (and the throbbing hearts of her disconsolate family confess'd their fairest prospects of sublunary bliss were in one moment dash'd) by Swallowing a Pea at her own table, whence in a few hours she sweetly breathed her Soul away on the 8th day of March 1778, aged 47.

This Mournful Stone as a faithful Monument of Virtue fled to Realms Above and a solemn Monitor to all below the Stars, is Erected by her Husband."

Captain McHard also doubtless composed her epitaph, and was proud of it. But unless he were famous for yong voyages, it is probable that he could steer his ship, if not his pen, on a less round-about course to its destination.